





## PEOPLE OF THE DAY.

The great English actor, Sir Henry Irving, is in poor health, and it is rumored in London and in theatrical circles in the cities of America and the continent that he is to permanently retire from the stage. This is probably a mistake. Sir Henry has been consider-



SIR HENRY IRVING.

ably overworked as an actor-manager, and it is likely that the occasion of the rumor is the known fact that he has been attempting to turn over the management of his London theater, the Lyceum, to some one else that he may be relieved of a part of the strain that has broken his health. Charles Frohman, the American manager, was solicited by Sir Henry to take the Lyceum, but refused, because of his many other enterprises. In the meanwhile Sir Henry is spending the winter at Bournemouth and is steadily improving in health.

### The Omar's Newest Whim.

The czar is a man of moral courage. His peace manifesto convinced a few persons of that, but, to quote Cyrano, he has done better since. Popular fads are no respecters of persons. Even royalty cannot escape them, and the recent fad for papering or decorating rooms in black and white sketches appealed to the czar and czarina. According to St. Petersburg gossip, the imperial couple had one of the palace rooms done over in black and white, and were mightily pleased with the result. Then the czar had a brilliant idea, says the New York Sun. He would have a den papered entirely with caricatures of himself. He gave orders that a collection of all caricatures of his royal self that had appeared in foreign journals should be procured, and he is delighted with the scheme.

Few great men could stand such a test, and only a phenomenal sense of humor and a sturdy self respect, liberally flavored with genial tolerance for other men's views, could enable a man to be happy in a room papered with caricatures of himself. It is doubtful whether another sovereign in Europe would enjoy following the czar's example.

### Commended by Resolution.

It must be very gratifying to Miss Helen Gould to realize that her good works are appreciated by her country-



MISS HELEN GOULD.

men. The whole country sings her praises, and the assembly of her own state, New York, has by a rising, unanimous vote adopted a resolution commending her generosity during the war with Spain and in caring for our soldier boys since the close of the war.

### Professor Shaler's Long Legs.

Professor Shaler is the man who can outwalk any other man at Harvard, not in the mile walk, on Holmes field, but geologically, 80 miles in a day at about four miles an hour. In the intervals between stopping and expatiating on "dip" and "strike," "brecciation" and "erosion," Professor Shaler has seen scenery in his time and is qualified to speak on it.

In an article in The Atlantic on "The Landscape as a Means of Culture," he says that the first of the mental arts which the student of landscape needs is that of contemplation. In our busy life, with our "almost fiendish sense of duty by the moment," the true contemplator is a rare man, and certain of the students who have tried to follow Professor Shaler's long legs to drink in what are the other technical terms for common little hills and holes—about Boston, would probably complain that geology as he walks it has far too little of the contemplative quality. But Professor Shaler says in his article that the true contemplation, "the calm, affectionate poring to the environment which permits the scene to enter in its fullness to the understanding and to sink quietly therein," must be in solitude. Professor Shaler perhaps thinks the time with his classes proper for the exercise of his "fiendish sense of duty."

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

Popular Furniture—A Handy Bag For Letters—Mutton as Substitute For Venison.

In furniture, Louis Seize is greatly in vogue. One of the handsomest patterns is that of a high back sofa, covered smoothly with tufted, self colored plush, either green, golden brown or dark blue. Beside it crushed plush and tufted coverings look tawdry and inelegant. If the wood is inlaid or painted with garlands and flowers of a lighter wood, the price is doubled. Of course chairs of various shapes are similarly covered. Among new tables are the horseshoe shaped tops. Below the central opening is a circular shelf on which stands a handsome vase, with or without flowers, which rises above the encircling top.

There are gilded cabinets, shaped like the old sedan chairs, with shelves protected with glass doors, made to hold the small bric-a-brac that have been alluded to.

One of the newest of decorative furnishings is a screen the shape and size of a fire screen or a trifle higher. It is covered with dark ruby or neutral covered plush, through which project books. These are to suspend small pieces of china or objects of vertu or miniatures painted on china or copper. These miniatures are now all the rage. Many a young woman is ruining her eyesight over microscopic work which will never repay her for the loss. In this line a fine artist will reap success until the field is overcrowded and the fashion changes—Good Housekeeping.

### A Handy Letter Case.

You receive a half dozen letters in the mail each morning. There are some that must be kept for answering; some that will be reread.

Make a letter bag of this dainty order. The foundation consists of a circle of stiff cardboard, covered with golden



HOMEMADE LETTER BAG.

brown linen, upon which is embroidered a spray of wild roses. A pocket of satin is placed over the lower half of the circle, finished at the sides with bows. The pocket should be hung by loops at each side under the bows.—Philadelphia Press.

### Mutton as Substitute For Venison.

The loin of mutton makes an excellent substitute for the saddle of venison when the latter cannot be obtained. Old hunters say that the venison is best seasoned—that is, browned first, then steamed. The following method of dealing with mutton chops in the chafing dish furnishes an imitation not to be despised: For four thick loin chops, with most of the fat trimmed off, allow one level tablespoonful of butter, one-quarter cup of port wine and one desert spoonful currant jelly. Put the butter in the outlet pan and allow it to get very hot—brown, but not burned. Sprinkle the chops lightly with salt and pepper and put in the hot butter. As soon as they are delicately browned on both sides add the wine and the jelly, put on the cover of the dish and let them simmer from eight to ten minutes, or, if very thin, six minutes. If you cook beyond being pink, they become tough. A nice little sauce is made to serve with this by adding as much more wine and two tablespoonfuls dried bread crumbs to the pan after the chops are taken up.—Washington Star.

### Rugs and Carpets.

In rugs versus carpets, rugs continue to grow in favor from aspects sanitary, economic and aesthetic. A carpet held in place by heavy bookcases, cabinets, sideboards and so forth cannot be taken up and shaken at will, and dust and microbes of various sorts must find lodgment when undisturbed for half a year or more. Rugs can be frequently removed and shaken and the floor wiped clean underneath. A carpet grows shabby and loses its value. A rug of the genuine Persian or Turkish gains in value and richness with the years. It is frequently difficult to find a carpet which harmonizes with the furniture already on hand, the paper and woodwork. The coloring of most oriental rugs is so beautiful and mellow that no discordant note is struck, and it is always a pleasure and an education to look at it.

### How to Clean Clothes.

A heavy hand is ruinous in cleaning clothes; the rubbing must be brisk and light. There must be no pressing down. This gives the threads, white look which, once carelessly attained, can never be done away with. Where spots are positively known to be from grease French chalk laid on overnight never fails to remove them and will not injure the finest fabric.

### Crystal Table Bell.

A small crystal bell with a metal handle and clapper is the latest novelty for table use. The bell is about three inches high and differs from the conventional bell in shape in having four angled corners. The tone is unusual, sweet and clear. A tiny bronze or silver handle of one of these bells, and a distinctive metal mount the shape of

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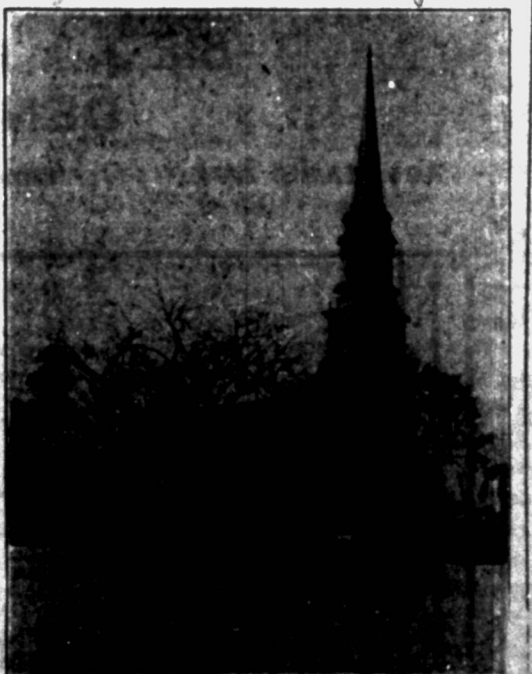
**TOWN OFFICERS.**  
Selectmen meet at their office in Town Hall on the last Monday evening of each month, for approval of bills. Regular meetings each Saturday evening. Town Clerk and Treasurer, office hours 9 to 12; 2 to 5; also Saturday evenings. School Committee, third Tuesday evening of each month.

**WOMEN'S C. T. UNION.**  
Meets in Baptist Church vestry first and third Fridays of each month at 4 p. m.

**I. O. O. F., BETHEL LODGE, NO. 12.**  
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Bank Building, every Wednesday evening, at 8.

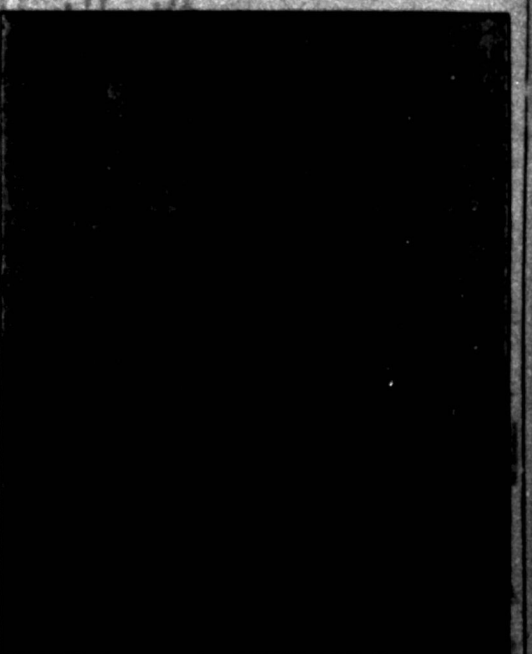
**UNITED ORDER I. O. L.**  
Veritas Lodge No. 45. Meets in Grand Army Hall second and fourth Monday evenings in each month.

**ARLINGTON FIRST PARISH.**  
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Corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street, Rev. Frederic Gill, pastor. Services with Mrs. J. C. Harris, at Academy street. Sunday morning preaching service at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except July and August.

**ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.**



Massachusetts avenue, opposite Bartlett ave. Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., pastor. Services at Academy street, Sunday serv. 10.45 a. m.; Sunday school at noon; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 7.30 p. m.; evening church service at 7.30 p. m.

## ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL.



Corner Pleasant and Maple streets. Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell, pastor; residence on Maple street, opposite the church. Sunday services at 10.45 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.30 p. m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Friday evenings, at 7.30, social service in vestry.

**FIRST UNIVERSALIST.**



Massachusetts avenue, opposite Academy street. Rev. Harry Fay Flister, pastor, 12 Pleasant street. Sunday services in the morning at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Y. P. Union at 6.30 p. m.

**ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL.**



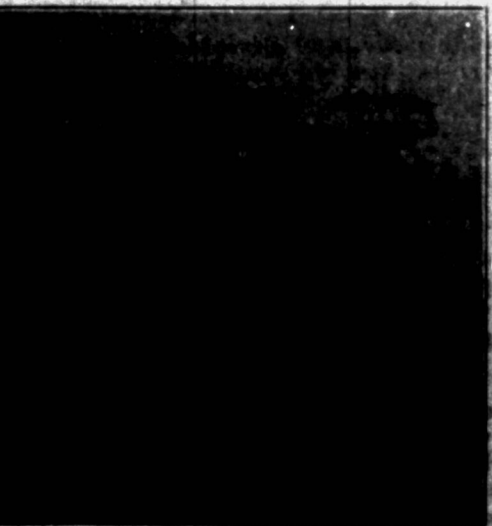
Corner Academy and Maple streets. Rector, the Rev. James Yeames. Sunday services at 10.45 a. m.; other services according to church calendar.

**ST. MALACHY.**



Corner Medford and Chestnut streets. Rev. John M. Mulcahy, pastor; Rev. P. M. O'Connor, assistant. Reside at parsonage on Medford street, next to church. Mass at 7 and 9 a. m.; High Mass at 10.30; Sunday school at 1.30 p. m.; Vespers at 3.30 p. m.

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corner Park and Wollaston avenues, Arlington Heights. Rev. A. E. Blanchard, D. D., pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.45; Sunday school at noon; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6 p. m.; Sunday evening service and preaching service at 7.30; Friday afternoon, at 4; Junior C. E. meeting; Friday evening at 7.30, prayer meeting.

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## YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

Dickens' Dear Kitten—The Roman Numerals—Some Verses For Little People.

At the cat show we ran across an Englishman who chanced to know many unrecorded tales of Dickens, and during a lull in the "meows" he casually inquired "Did you know, by the way, that Charles Dickens was devoted to cats? He was indeed a lover of all animals, and frequently became the slave of his pets. Williamina, a little white cat, was a great favorite with the entire household, but regarded the great author as her special friend. She selected a corner of his study for her individual property and one day committed the indiscretion of bringing in her little family of kittens from the kitchen one by one. Dickens had them taken away, but Williamina brought them quietly back. Again they were quietly removed, but the third time of their return the little mother did not leave them in the corner. Instead she placed them at her master's feet and, taking her stand beside them, looked imploringly up at him. That settled the question.

"Thereafter the kittens belonged to the study and made themselves royally at home, swarming up the curtains, playing about the writing table and scampering behind the bookshelves, until they were one by one given away; all but a poor little deaf one, which, from her devotion to Dickens, became known as 'the master's cat.' This little creature followed him about like a dog and sat beside him while he wrote. One evening Dickens was reading by a small table upon which stood a light and candle. As usual, the cat was at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens was deeply interested in his book, and he proceeded to relight the candle, stroking the cat while he did so. Afterward he remembered that puss had looked at him somewhat reproachfully while she received the caress. It was only when the light again became dim that the reason of her melancholy suddenly dawned upon him. Turning quickly, he found her deliberately putting out the candle with her paw and again she looked at him appealingly. She was lonesome; she wanted to be petted, and this was her device for gaining her end."

### The Roman Numerals.

Hold your hands up before you, palms outward, thumbs at an acute angle. Begin on the left; little finger I; little finger and ring finger II; little finger, ring finger and middle finger III; all the fingers of the left hand IIII, and the hand and thumb at an acute angle form V. In place of the IIII you may use the fourth finger from the left, still holding the thumb at an acute angle, and you have IV.

Now pass to the right hand. Holding the thumb and the hand at the same angle as before we have VI; by using the index and the middle finger we get VII, while the thumb and the three large fingers make VIII.

Now join the two V's made by the thumbs, inverting one, and we have X or ten. Then use the X with the last little finger before it, and it will give IX. The combinations following X are obvious. The forefinger of the left hand, with the thumb at right angles, makes a perfect L, the little finger of the left hand curved toward the thumb makes C, the initial of centum (100), and so on with the hundreds. Now join the two thumbs with the forefingers, or two V's inverted, and you have the hieroglyphics complete.

### The Pillow Fairies.

I've just found out the queerest thing! Sometimes, when I am good And go to bed without a word When mamma says I should, The fairies come there in the night— They fly in with their wings— And underneath my pillows white They leave a lot of things.

One day it was a penny new, One day a dolly sweet, And once it was a picture book And once a cake to eat. They do not always come—oh, no! They have too much to do, But when you are not thinking so They bring a gift to you.

And now it's fun to go to bed, Sometimes I lie and wait To catch the fairies flying in— They must come very late, I never seem to see them quite, Although I hear their wings, But just then it is morning light And time to find my things. —Annie W. McCulloch in St. Nicholas

### A Bright Boy.

A bright little fellow living in Wood-lawn marched into the parlor one Sunday afternoon with a grin upon his face which his mother knows always indicates a sudden accession of unexpected riches.

"Well, Billy, what is it?" she inquired.

"Oh, nothing!" replied the archie. "Only a lot of us kids were on the corner by the church when a man came along in a buggy and asked which one of us wanted to earn a dime by holding his horse, and, mamma, the whole pack made a break for the head of the horse except me. I jumped right into the buggy and took the reins—also the 10 cents." —Exchange

At Seven in the Morning.  
At seven in the morning  
Young Tommy, up in bed,  
Was always just so sleepy  
He couldn't raise his head.

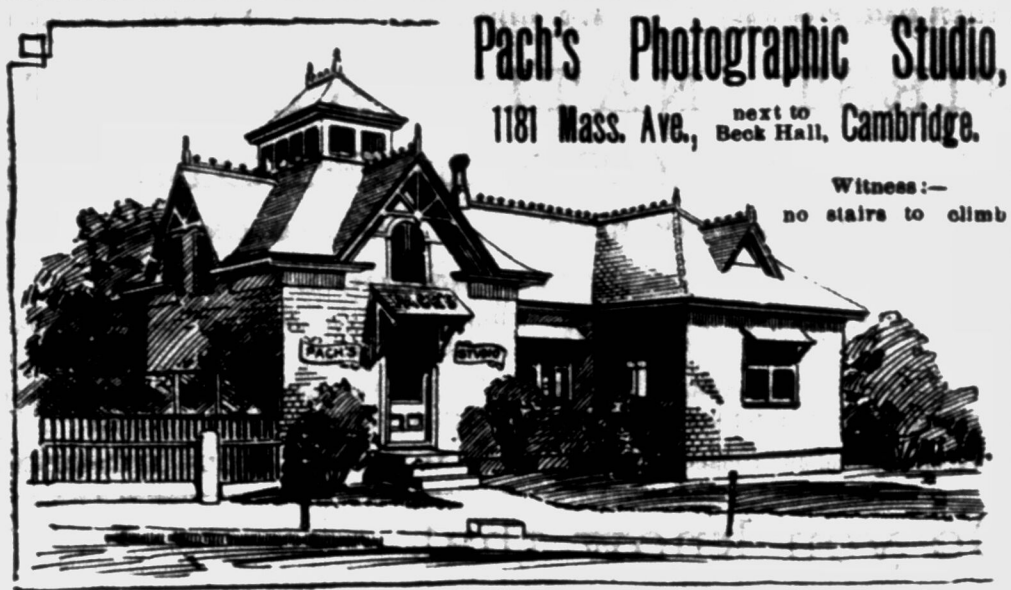
And, though his thumbs were mighty  
At marbles in the yard,  
He had to call his mother,  
His clothes were on so hard.

But, oh, on Christmas morning  
(As odd as this may be),  
Without a soul to help him,  
He got down stairs by three!

From a Kean's interpretation. Kean was a comedian who had a habit of making a great deal of the smallest things. He was the origin of the "cat" fish from the sea and the "cat" fish from the sea.



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## PUNISHING THOMAS.

In a fluff of pink and white lace she sat curled up next to the reading lamp in the "den." She had an interesting book, but there was heavy, woe in the droop of her mouth, and her eyes were dark with injury, and when Howell Van Rensselaer Gibson and two girls burst in upon her she put out a languid hand and did not even stop frowning.

"What's up?" her visitors chorused in astonishment. Could this be Beatrice, the creature of happiness and smiles? She laid down her book. "Thomas did not come home to dinner," she announced with the air of having ended a half hour's explanation.

"Good gracious!" said Howell as he dropped on to the couch from the shock. "Is that all? And you've been married—let me see—four months? Don't you think it's time the poor man had a vacation?"

"He has had," spluttered the implacable one. "One evening last summer in London, when I was tired, I sent him off alone to the music hall, and another time in Scotland I let him go on a two days' shooting trip, and I had the loveliest dinner, and no one to eat it. She glowered at Howell. "He telephoned at half past five, when it was too late for me to go anywhere. If only I'd known, I'd have gone to the theater, and when he got home I wouldn't have been here. He'd have been scared."

"What are you going to do when he does get home?" queried the girl with the coque plume hat. She was Beatrice's sister and privileged to ask questions.

"I'm going to freeze," said Beatrice promptly and coldly. "I will not have any row. It's so common to squabble. But he's just got to know he isn't going off this way and leave me to spend a whole evening alone. It doesn't pay to be meek about such things—men never appreciate sweet tempered women—never! You've got to be disagreeable once in a while to make them realize you are an individual with rights."

"In other words," said Howell, with interest, "you are going to work the cold and haughty racket?"

"I am," said Beatrice sternly.

The second feminine visitor who is taking notes on human nature turned to Mr. Gibson. "Howell," she said persuasively, "you go out in the hall and come in and play you are Thomas. I want to see how Beatrice will treat him."

"No, no!" said Howell promptly and virtuously. "I'm afraid I'd get kicked!"

There was a sniff from the big leather chair. "I see myself kissing Thomas this evening," were her icy words.

"H'm!" said the suggester of the plan. "You'll be so glad to see him that you'll oo over him in the most maudlin way when he does appear."

Beatrice looked thoughtful. "Well, I have not seen him since morning," she admitted as one with a totally new idea. "I will be rather glad to see him, that's a fact!"

"Ha, ha!" exploded Mr. Gibson, and at once looked grave and sympathetic when she turned on him.

"I'm rather sorry for Thomas myself," said the second girl. She did not like the plaintive droop of Beatrice's mouth. That little sign usually foretells equally weather.

"Unless," said Beatrice's sister, as if to herself, "he has the good sense to come home with a bad headache or a feeling that he is going to have typhoid fever or smallpox."

"I am not," announced Beatrice, sitting up straight for the first time. "Silly enough to be hoodwinked by any such trick! When I get angry, it is for good cause, and it would be doing myself an injustice to let him think I don't mind his neglect and unkind!"

There was a step on the porch and at once a flash of pink silk and lace through the door. The deserted trio looked at one another and held their breath, as they waited for the storm to burst.

"Hello, Tris!" cried Thomas in his heartiest, most careless voice. "Been lonesome?"

"Lonesome!" echoed his furious wife in the plaintive and timid tones of an abused infant. "I wanted to see you so!"

The rest was remarkably muffled, and there was a long silence, broken by a faint sound which caused Howell to nod his head.

"Didn't I tell you what would have happened to me?" he asked of the girl who is studying human nature.

"And he didn't even pretend to have a headache," whispered Beatrice's sister with round eyes of astonishment at her kaleidoscopic sister.

"I think," said Howell, as Beatrice and Thomas entered enveloped in a seraphic cloud, "that it is time for us to go home before the domestic storm which is so evidently lowering over this happy home bursts in cyclonic fury. Come on, girls!"

"What is he talking about?" inquired Thomas.

"Perhaps," said Howell tenderly, as he went out the door, "it is just as well that he shouldn't know. Beatrice!"

—Chicago News

## SHIPS SAVED AT SEA.

WHAT IS MEANT BY "SALVAGE" AND HOW IT IS PAID.

There is No Law That Signals of Distress at Sea Must Be Heeded—Public Opinion Alone Enforces Responses to Calls For Help.

Salvage on ships saved at sea by others in the majority of cases is paid by the underwriters, although the big steamship companies insure themselves. The insurance companies think that a board of arbitration can more satisfactorily adjust salvage claims than can the courts. The word salvage, as defined by that celebrated admiralty authority, Roscoe, is "the reward which is earned by those who have voluntarily saved or assisted in saving a ship or boat or their apparel or any sort thereof or the lives of persons at sea or a ship, cargo or any part thereof, from peril or a wreck from total loss." The last part of the definition is a trifle puzzling.

In discussing the merits of salvage cases it must be remembered that there is no obligation, written or implied, upon the master or crew of any vessel to heed signals of distress. Public opinion alone enforces the idea that "a call for help at sea must be obeyed." The laws of salvage are merely framed to encourage the saving of life and property on the deep. There is avarice in the mariner as in landmen, and the laws are made to overcome and curb these mercenary ambitions. For that reason a master and his crew cannot expect salvage for saving their own vessel. It is the natural assumption in law, as well as in fact, that they must do everything they can to preserve their charge and under an agreement with the owners keep it from danger whenever possible.

In salvage one of the first laws is that the peril must be actual. The bargain made in time of danger by the master or agent of the imperiled craft with another volunteering aid need not of necessity hold in court, and generally does not. As a rule the bargain is exorbitant and made at a time when the victim would be willing to guarantee the payment of millions for proffered assistance. This point has been decided hundreds of times, the courts taking the stand that the peril made an exorbitant bargain necessary.

As a general thing, the salvage award is equal to about one-third the value in the case of sailing craft and from one-third to one-half in the case of steamers. The owners of the saving craft, whose money was wasted by delay, wear and tear, are of course entitled to the bigger piece of the plum.

The master of the salvor gets about twice the sum that his mate receives, and the mate is paid something like double the amount of each sailor.

Should the latter have been a member of a lifeboat crew used in running hawes or in going aboard as a prize crew he and his mates are entitled to an extra compensation. Naval officers cannot claim salvage when the work accomplished is in the direct line of their duty.

In the case of a abandoned vessel there is a peculiar law as applied to ownership. No matter where the derelict is found and towed or assisted in by a prize crew or otherwise the court holds that she is still the property of her original owners, although abandoned by her crew, their agents, and that no effort has been made by them to recover her. It sounds peculiar to the average mariner, but it's the law.

To make a successful salvage claim it is necessary that the property must be actually saved and saved by those claiming to be salvors. In other words, the salvage services must be rendered by persons not bound by contract to render them. If the mariner or other encounter the danger or misfortune or damage which might possibly expose the ship to destruction unless assistance is rendered and do so all he can to save the vessel, and his services tend in some degree to save or preserve her, compensation will be awarded him, although the vessel is mainly preserved by other means.

The longest time that any one steamer has been at sea with disabled machinery before reaching port was 77 days. This was the United States corvette Itasca in 1890. She was bound to Samoa from Honolulu, and had only seven days' rations left when port was reached. In 1897 the steamer Indraluma was towed into St. Thomas after having been at sea for 47 days. The Glasgow steamer Strathneva, after drifting 33 days out of the range of steamers, was towed into St. Michael's in January, 1897, by the British steamer Hannah M. Bell. Another Strath, the Strathneva, drifted helplessly on the Pacific for two months and over in 1895, and was finally towed into Puget sound. The Dispatch in 1864 was out 61 days with crippled machinery, and four years ago the British cruiser Calypso broke down 8,000 miles from port and sailed in unaided, much to the delight of the dwindling band of naval experts who maintain that every warship ought to be provided with ample sail power.

The owners of those ships that were obliged to drift for weeks, and in several cases for months, would not have found fault with the question of salvage had a helping hand come along—at least there would have been no complaint just then.—New York Mail and Express.

**Work of Helpmates.**  
I was driving through one of the best farming districts in western Ontario a few years ago. I expressed my admiration.

"Yes," said my companion, who knew the country thoroughly, "nearly all the farmers around here have second wives."

"Why?" was my surprised inquiry.

"Oh," he answered, "they killed their first wives making the farm!"

—Philadelphia Press

## SHE GOT HIM BACK.

How the Dog's Mistress Retained Her Pet Spaniel.

When Mrs. Marie Nevins Blaine was married to Dr. W. T. Bull, her pet spaniel, Lion, was banished. After the couple had been married a year Mrs. Bull persuaded her husband to let Lion return for a week, promising to keep him in the stable.

Three days of Lion's visit had passed when as Dr. Bull was taking off his overcoat in his office there came a rap at the inner door. It was so faint that at first he did not notice it. Then when it was repeated he said, "Come in." No one came, but the rapping went on. He opened the door, and there stood Lion. He had been knocking the door with a little wooden box he held in his mouth, addressed to Dr. Bull. The doctor took the box, and Lion, too polite to intrude, turned and walked in a dignified manner back up stairs. The doctor opened the box and read the tiny note contained therein, smiled and threw it in the wastebasket.

The next day Lion knocked and left another note. The third time he came there was a reply for him. The doctor said, "Lion, wait." He took the box, abstracted the note, put one of his own in its place, and handing the box back to the dog gave him a pat and sent him upstairs. Here is a copy of Lion's notes and the reply they finally elicited:

DEAR DOCTOR—I am enjoying my visit to my mistress very much. It was very kind of you to invite me here, and I have tried to behave the best I know how. It will be hard to leave my mistress again. I wish you would like me a little bit.

The letter which Lion carried back to his mistress read:

LION—You are such a respectable, well bred fellow that your visit is extended indefinitely.

—Boston Journal.

## MOIST WEATHER.

A Description of a Spell of Humidity on the Wabash.

"Talking about rainy weather," said the westerner, "I remember once out in Indianapolis meeting a farmer who took the most cheerful view of dampness of anybody I ever saw. I asked him if they had had much rain down on the Wabash that spring."

"Well, it has been a little damp," he answered. "The day before I left home I had to hang up 24 of my ducks. They had got so water soaked that they couldn't swim any longer. I planted my corn in two feet of water, and I don't expect over 30 bushels to the acre. My wheat is looking pretty well, but the sturgeon and catfish have damaged it considerably. There was about 15 minutes' sunshine one day, and I thought I would plant my potatoes, so I loaded them on a scow and anchored the scow in three feet of water, when it began to rain again."

"I wanted to go down on the bottom lands next the Wabash to see if the grass was growing for my hay crop, but my wife said that as we didn't have any diving bell she'd rather I wouldn't. I should feel kind of discouraged with all the rain, but I've spent my odd hours of leisure time—and the even ones, too, on account of staying in out of the wet—building up an ark. If it will only rain another week or two until I get her ready to sail, I'm going to take my family out to Missouri by water for a trip to visit our folks that moved off out there because they didn't know enough to stay in a place where they were comfortable."—Boston Transcript.

## His Concern.

A commercial traveler on his trip called upon a well known chemist. He was nervous as he put his hand in his pocket and handed out a card.

"I represent that concern," said the young man.

"You are fortunate," replied the chemist.

The commercial traveler was encouraged and said:

"I think so, sir, and the chemist who trades with us is even more so. My firm has the finest line of cosmetics in the country."

"I shouldn't have thought it," slowly responded the man of medicines. "Her complexion looks natural."

And he handed back the photograph which the young man had given him by mistake. He took it and left without waiting to make any farewell remarks.

—London Sketch.

## Worship of the Tiger.

The carcass of the tiger was carried to the adjacent village, where a bon was decapitated in front of it by the Gonds as an offering to the tiger god, while all the women assembled and did obeisance to the monster, bringing also their children, and placing each a small coin on the tiger's body or in front of its jaws; for these primitive people look on the tiger as their god, and small marvel seeing what a wondrous creature he is, with matchless symmetry of form and mighty strength, before which man seems an insignificant puppet.

—Tropics and Snows, by Burton.

## Why She Was Sad.

It was in a little out of the way place in the country, and as the recent arrival passed some asked who she was.

"She is a society woman who has been wishing for the last ten years that she could get away from the trials and anxieties and bore and superficiality of society," was the answer.

"But why is she so sad?"

"Because at last she has got away from them."—Chicago Post.

The seeds of the Philippine bean from the coast near Manila so closely resemble the quartz pebbles, among which they fall, in shape, size and color, that hardness and identification as to be almost indistinguishable.

The first gold coin called a sovereign was coined in the reign of Henry VIII. The present sovereign, an current at 25 shillings, was first issued in 1817.

## "CROSSED" MONEY ORDERS.

Safeguards Employed in England in Making Small Remittances.

Americans who are buying books in small quantities or are remitting dues to the treasurers of English societies occasionally receive a printed or written request to use a "crossed" order when sending money. At first they are likely to be mystified by the phrase. Even if inquiry is made at the postoffice in this country it is quite possible that no satisfactory explanation will be obtainable. The remitting party will ascertain, though, that American postoffices do not issue "crossed" orders.

The term in question refers to two lines drawn with a pen from the top to the bottom of a postal order on its face near the middle and an inch or two apart. That treatment of a money order will prevent payment of it to any one but a banker, and if, as is sometimes done, the name of some particular bank is written in the space between the lines the order will be paid only to that institution. It is not necessary to use any words in addition to the name of the bank. No explicit prohibition is required. The mere crossing of the order is a well understood signal to the British postal authorities, for, while the custom is comparatively unfamiliar to people on this side of the Atlantic, it is common enough in the United Kingdom.

When an American remits money in this manner, he crosses his order himself, but in several foreign countries the postoffice does not give the order to the sender, but transmits it directly to the paying office. The person who remits merely sends notice to the right person to go to the postoffice and apply for the money. Where this usage prevails the postoffice issues a crossed order because the sender cannot cross the order himself. Such is the practice, for instance, in Germany, Belgium, Austria and Italy.—New York Tribune.

## NO STOVES IN KOREA.

Instead Flues Are Laid Under the Floors, Which Are Thus Heated.

Stoves are not used to any extent by the native Koreans. The Korean method of heating is excellently adapted to their resources and conditions. In building their houses they lay down a system of flues where the floor is to be. These flues begin at a fireplace, which is usually placed in an outer shed or connecting closed alleyway.

From this fireplace the flues extend in a more or less curved direction, like the ribs of a round fan, to a trench at the rear of the room, which in turn opens into a chimney, which is usually placed some distance from the house. Flat flagstones are then placed carefully over these flues, and the whole is cemented over and finally covered with a thick oil paper, for which the country is noted. This paper keeps smoke from entering the room, and a little straw or brushwood, used in the fireplace for cooking the rice, serves to heat the stone floor and gives an agreeable warmth, which lasts till the time of the next meal.

Two heatings daily tend to give the people a nice warm floor, upon which they sit in the daytime and sleep at night. By leaving their shoes at the door the inmates preserve the paper floor, which from constant polishing takes on a rich brown color.—New York Press.

## Maori Women.

The Maori women of Australasia have their rights—flourishing ones. Generally they have little voice or choice in the selection of their first husbands, but they may, and frequently do, change them. A woman may trade her husband without so much as a comment from the public, without the slightest emendation on her good name, and it is nothing to his discredit either. Courtship is always brief and does not often preface marriage. The Maoris, however, love to repeat oriental love tales and sing love songs. Maori widows not infrequently commit suicide on the graves of their husbands and are honored for doing so, as in China. Divorce is simple; it needs no revenue, employs no officers. He turns her out of doors, and both are free to remarry. This is all. Girls are often betrothed irretrievably from infancy.

## Protection.

Nephew (from the city)—Why do you have those lightning rods on your house and barn, Uncle Josh? Don't you know the theory that they afford protection has long since exploded?

Uncle Josh—Waal, I kin tell you they dew act as protectors, they or no they.

Nephew—Do you mean to tell me you believe they protect you from lightning?

Uncle Josh—Mebby not, young un, mebby not, but they perkoz me from them pesky lightning rod peddlers.—Chicago News.

## Feeding Hotel Help.

The first work done in the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, each day is the preparation of breakfast for 1,300 employees. The last of these meals is served usually before the earliest rising guest sleepily orders his eggs and coffee, thinking himself almost a hero to be breakfasting at such an hour.

## Swindled.

Mrs. Smarte says her husband is the worst man that ever was to go shopping. He's almost sure to get swindled every time. "Why," she says, "it was only 't'other day that he bought a suit, and when it came home, if you'll believe it, 'twas full of holes."—Boston Transcript.

## In Retirement.

Richard—My darling, when I am gone, how will you ever be able to pay the doctor's bill?

Willie—Don't worry about that, dear. If the doctor comes to see me, I'll tell him that you're in the hospital and that he mustn't bother me.



# Arlington Advocate

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ADVERTISING RATES.  
Reading Notices, per line, 25 cents  
Special Notices, " 15 "  
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 "  
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, 8 "  
Marriages and Deaths—free.



Several Washington correspondents have suggested the strong probability that Hon. Samuel W. McCall will be given a place on the Ways and Means Committee of Congress when the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Dingley is filled.

Maj. Gen. Wood, who has won fame by his management of affairs in the Santiago province in Cuba, was in Boston this week, on a visit to relatives. To-morrow he starts on his return journey, having accomplished the object of his visit to Washington,—permission to continue the line of work that has practically regenerated the city of Santiago and the outlying district.

W. W. Rawson & Co., Seedsmen and Florists, are again first in the field with the 1899 catalogue. The firm supplements the Orange Judd Co. offer of a prize of \$250 for the best garden, with \$250 if the seeds are purchased from W. W. Rawson & Co. The prize is open to every one. The catalogue will be mailed on application to 12 and 13 Faneuil Hall square, Boston.

We admire independence and moral courage, and honor those who on occasion stand for what they consider right, regardless of cost; but the action of two members of the Mass. Legislature when the vote for Senator was taken on Tuesday was not of this class. There is such a thing as mistaking conceit and inborn stubbornness for true independence.

It was "Senators' Day" in several states on Tuesday, the following being chosen:—Hon. Henry C. Lodge in Mass., Jos. R. Hawley in Conn., Chauncey M. Depew in N. Y., Eugene Hale in Me., J. C. Barrows in Mich., F. W. Cockrell in Mo., C. K. Davis in Minn., A. J. Burbridge in Ind. Senator Quay failed in Penn., and the contest there as well as in several other states is undecided.

The picturesque campaign of the Sixth Massachusetts regiment in Porto Rico is brought before the public once more in the masterful out of the regiment, which occurs on Saturday of this week. The story of the campaign will be made the special feature of the Boston Sunday Herald of Jan. 22, and is written by Frank T. Pope, the Boston Herald correspondent, who accompanied the regiment to the front. Graphic illustrations will add to the interest of the text.

Representative Fitts, of Somerville, is a bright man, wide-awake and up to date, but he never made a cleaner hit than on Tuesday, when he presented in the Legislature the following as an offset to other resolutions pending:—

Whereas, we have the utmost confidence in the President and his advisers and believe fully in the purity of their motives and desire for the right solution of the matter of the Philippines Islands, and  
Whereas, we have the same confidence in the integrity and desire for the right solution of the matter of Senator Hoar and his supporters; and  
Whereas, Any of us have formed no decided opinion and those who have are of many minds,  
Resolved: It would seem to be good judgment on the part of the General Court to attend to the business of the State of Massachusetts, allowing Congress the same privilege as to that of the nation untrammelled by our immature and diverse opinions.

What purports to be the findings or conclusions of the commission investigating the war with Spain has been telegraphed to the newspapers, but as the commission is still taking testimony it can be nothing more than a surmise or a shrewd guess from the testimony. According to the report sent out, about everybody except the President comes in for a share of blame, no one in authority escaping. This much seems assured, however, that no one on the commission proposes to give the whitewash brush a chance. The fact is the nation was not prepared for war and in the haste of preparation to meet an emergency, mistakes and blunders,—some of them deserving of a severer name,—were made.

## A Leader Falls.

Medical skill and a splendid constitution were not able on the one hand to break the hold or on the other withstand the drain of disease, and Hon. Nelson Dingley passed away with the closing hours of last week. What he was personally and the place he occupied in the nation is best given in the brief tribute of Speaker Reed, spoken off hand when the death was announced. He said:—

"I have never known the sense of loss to be more nearly universal than in the case of Gov. Dingley. His death comes at a time when the need of his services will be most keenly felt. Not only have we lost his knowledge, but we cannot at once create in any one else the confidence which we had in him. Mr. Dingley had rendered conspicuous public service in his own State before he came to Washington and his success here was no surprise to us. His habits of labor and his untiring industry gave him the greatest command over the subjects to which he devoted his attention. The House finding that he always said something and wasted no time in saying it, accorded to him the high compliment of silence and attention. His record is so well-known and has been so much in people's minds during his illness that his services need not be specified. He was a public servant equal to all his duties, who won the respect and esteem, not only of his associates, but of the whole country."

Another tribute of respect and appreciation was in the personal letter sent by President McKinley to the widow of the deceased in which, after more personal matters, he said:—

"A great consolation in this sad hour is the recollection of Mr. Dingley's exalted character, his domestic virtue, his quiet, useful, dignified life, and long continued and faithful public service in behalf of his fellow-citizens, who will always cherish his memory as that of a great statesman and a patriot."

The public funeral at Washington on Monday was notable from the national character of the event and the more private interment at his home in Maine was a splendid tribute to his worth by those who knew him best. A leader has fallen. Who will fill his place?

## Under the Gilded Dome.

On Monday it was our privilege to witness the opening in the upper section of the General Court and the closing in the lower, of the business of the day, a guest of Senator Hodgkins in the first instance, of Representative Crosby in the other. Senator Hodgkins occupies seat No. 19, directly in front of the President,—a most desirable position, and his nearest neighbors are warm personal friends as well as official associates. At the head of one of the more important committees and a member of others hardly less burdened with business, his time is fully occupied. The new Senate Chamber (formerly the Representative Hall) is a charming place as now arranged.

The architectural feat of joining in an artistic and harmonious manner the recent addition to the century old "Bulfinch front" has been accomplished with a skill that to us seemed a marvel, and communication between the two branches is as simple and direct as though the entire structure had been built on a recent plan.

The Representative Hall and its numerous adjuncts of sumptuous lounging saloons, model lockers and capacious committee rooms, is a model in the line of what the architect can plan and the builder execute to secure elegance and comfort and expedition in public business. Like Maj. Hodgkins, Representative Crosby has been "lucky" in the drawing of seats. He sits in No. 83, at the right of the Speaker, and his point of view commands three quarters of the House and all but the reporters' gallery, almost overhead. In the first week of the session he has made not a few pleasant new acquaintances, has become familiar with the routine of his committee work and settled into a comfortable place in the work of the session. To his constituents he will extend ever a cordial greeting and courtesies to the extent of his privileges as a member.

## The Deadly Grip

Is again abroad in the land. The air you breathe may be full of its fatal germs! Don't neglect the "Grip" or you will open the door to Pneumonia and Consumption and invite death. Its sure signs are chills with fever, headache, dull, heavy pains, mucus discharges from the nose, sore throat and never let go cough. Don't waste precious time treating this cough with troches, tablets, or poor, cheap syrups. Cure it at once with Dr. King's New Discovery, the infallible remedy for bronchial troubles. It kills the disease germs, heals the lungs and prevents the dreaded after effects from the malady. Price 50cts. and \$1.00. Money back if not cured. A trial bottle free at drug stores of A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and L. G. Babcock, Lexington.

## Deaths.

In Lexington, Jan. 17, Mary Alice, daughter of Alfred A. and Mary A. Lloyd, aged 12 years, 4 days.  
In Lexington, Jan. 17, Levi C. Teale, aged 85 years, 10 months, 14 days.  
In Lexington, Jan. 17, Esther E. C. Dunham, of pneumonia, aged 62 years, 8 months, 6 days.  
In Arlington, Jan. 16, Agnes, daughter of Frank W. and Anna J. Hurley, aged 1 year, 10 days.  
In Arlington, Jan. 11, Annie M., daughter of Chas. H. and Florence A. Atherton, aged 10 years, 7 months.  
In Arlington, Jan. 10, Margaret E., daughter of James and Ellen T. Hayes, aged 13 years, 3 months, 18 days.  
In Methuen, Mass., Jan. 7, Mrs. Caroline T. Blood, formerly of Woburn, aged 78 years, 8 months.

**WORK** by the day or at home wanted by Mrs. Frank B. Academy street, by telephone. Mrs. Wm. Brown, Grove st. court, Arlington.

Secretary Clarke of the Home Market Club says that the date for the Club's big dinner has been definitely fixed for Feb. 16. President McKinley will surely attend as will Postmaster General Smith and Secretary of the Navy John D. Long.

An interesting letter from Florida, by our well known "E. N. B." correspondent, will be printed next week. It came to hand (delayed in mail) too late for this week.

At the annual meeting of Lynn Board of Trade, held Wednesday evening, Mr. Charles H. Hastings, of the Lynn Daily Item, was chosen president. The honor was deserved and will be worthily and successfully carried.

Friday, Jan. 18th, the National Senate adopted a joint resolution for the improvement of the Mystic River in Massachusetts.

A court-martial to try Gen. Eagan has been ordered by the President, and Gen. Merritt named as the senior officer in charge.

## To the Public.

We are authorized to guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and if not satisfactory to refund the money to the purchaser. There is no better medicine made for a gripe, colds and whooping cough. Price, 25 and 50c per bottle. Try it. O. W. Whittemore, Arlington, L. G. Babcock, Lexington.

## Special Notices.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

#### Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank.

At the annual meeting of the Corporation of the Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank, held December 21st, 1898, the following named officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President,—William G. Peck.  
Vice Presidents,—William E. Parmenter, Varum Frost, Henry J. Locke.  
Trustees,—William E. Parmenter, William G. Peck, George Y. Wellington, George Hill, James A. Bailey, Varum Frost, Henry J. Locke, B. Delmont Locke, Reuben W. Hopkins, Theodore Schwamb, Wm. H. H. Tuttle, Francis S. Frost, Edward S. Fessenden, Ben. A. Norton, Charles W. Allen.  
Board of Investment,—William G. Peck, B. Delmont Locke, Edward S. Fessenden.  
Secretary,—Joseph W. Whitaker.  
All the above-named persons have accepted said offices and have been duly qualified for the same.

Attest: JOSEPH W. WHITAKER, Secretary.  
Arlington, Jan. 19th, 1899.

**WANTED**—Washing and ironing, house or outside work, by reliable woman, with good references. Address Box 144, Arlington.

**WANTED**—A neat and intelligent young man, one acquainted with the business community of Arlington preferred. Address The J. Marcus Co., 12 S. Fourth St., Phila., Pa. 20jan

**TO LET**—Near Town Hall, 10 room house, with modern improvements, also stable, on very favorable terms. Apply to L. A. Saville, Town Hall Building, Lexington. 18nov

## Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Farmer R. Walker and Edith G. Walker, his wife, to James A. Bailey, dated December 2, 1891, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, libro 2084, folio 304, will be sold at public auction, on the premises last described below, on MONDAY, the thirtieth day of February, 1899, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises now covered by said mortgage deed, namely:—Three certain lots of land situated on Bartlett street in Arlington, in said County, being lots 27, 28 and 29 on a plan of lands in Arlington belonging to F. E. Fowle, recorded with Middlesex Deeds, plan book 65, plan 1, bounded: Lots 27 and 28—Northwesterly by Bartlett street one hundred four and 46.100 feet; southwesterly by Woodland street one hundred and 96.100 feet; southeasterly by lot 28 eighty nine and 25.100 feet; northeasterly by lot 29 one hundred twenty feet. Lot 29—Southeasterly by Bartlett street (in a line in part curved) ninety nine and 4.100 feet; southwesterly by lot 28 one hundred twenty feet; northeasterly by lot 28 fifty three and 72.100 feet; northeasterly by lot 7 and 8 one hundred sixteen and 68.100 feet. Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments, if any there be. Lot 24 has been heretofore released from said mortgage. \$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

F. W. WILKINSON, Assignee of said Mortgage. 20jan5w

Packed only in  
**Fancy Decorated**  
One Half Pound and One Pound  
**Cans Like This Cut.**

**WINSLOW, RAND & WATSON'S**  
**Royalty Chop,**

CHOICEST BLENDED  
**Formosa Oolong Tea.**

This brand of Tea has been on the market for over two years. The uniform quality has been maintained, and many people will have no other kind. Try one package and you will be convinced that we have a superior article for the price.

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## Arlington Police Ass'n Ball.

With the advent of Chief of Police A. S. Harriman in Arlington, five years ago, marked changes in the general conduct of affairs were made under his suggestion, but nothing has been so helpful to the force materially, as the formation of the Police Relief Association. A grand ball furnished the basis on which the "relief" rested, and for four successive years this has annually appealed to the citizens successfully, so that not only have legitimate calls upon the relief fund been met, but a fund of something over \$1100.00 was bearing interest when the 1899 party was organized. How helpful this relief has been, a chat with any member on the force will immediately show.

The party this year occurred on the evening of Jan. 18, and being planned on the broad lines of its predecessors, and managed with a more careful oversight over small details that previous experience had shown necessary. It was by far the most enjoyable of the series and is likely to make the next one,—to be held in 1901, anticipated with pleasure.

The decorating of the hall this year was in striking contrast to that in use at preceding parties, but fully as striking and much more artistic, tints of light green and pluk being combined with white and festooned around the hall, with lace draperies at the windows, picked off at the intervening spaces with "union" shields and meeting on sides and at the centre of the stage, immense floral decorations. (In basket, jardiniere, and ornamental vase) that while if displayed as works of art might cause a smile, were strikingly effective under the strong illumination of the hall, three hydrocarbon lights being added to the electric scheme. Streamers from the centre of the ceiling were introduced with pleasing effect, and appropriate signs and mottoes, with a sprinkling of the national flag, made a decoration that commanded attention and favorable comment. A mass of hot house plants and shrubs, brightened here and there with some bits of color in flowers, from the unlimited supply afforded by the greenhouses of W. W. Rawson & Co., partially shielded the stage where the invited guests and those who did not care to dance found seats.

The Selectmen gave the use of their meeting place for a reception room for guests, while the opposite room was fitted for a card and smoking room, auxiliary to the police station. The program gave no list of names as "reception committee," but if they were not so officially named the entire management constituted itself as such and with the utmost cordiality here received their guests, and in every way displayed the warmth of the reception. This list consisted of Alonzo S. Harriman (chief), Garret J. Cody, Andrew Irwin, John Duffy, James F. Whittemore, Charles H. Woods. They were in full evening dress, wore elaborate badges topped by neat buttonholes, which latter decoration they shared with invited guests, of which our reporter was considered a member. In the well-warmed and lighted lower hall the managers formed the line for the grand march with which the ball opened, and in form of a procession the directors and their guests marched to the floor above through the halls up the main stairways, thus entering with considerable eclat, Chief Harriman and his aids, with ladies, being followed by several of the guests whose names appear below. Preceding this opening feature, from eight to nine o'clock, there had been a promenade concert by Wiggins' orchestra, which had been enjoyed by a large audience, especially the number containing a cornet solo.

When the signal for the grand march was given, it appeared as though there could be room for not many more in the hall, but guests continued to arrive rapidly, until there was simply a mass of people on the floor, and certainly an hour after the ball opened there were not less than five hundred people present in the building. The list of dances contained the usual mingling of round and square dances and the inevitable old-time contras, and through the night until early morning there was no dearth of participants.

At intermission Caterer Hardy furnished a fine supper at Menotomy Hall to all who held tickets for the same, while at his convenient business place in Studio Block a more elaborate spread was laid out for the refreshment of the quite large list of guests.

Though the party was so large as to be properly denominated a "crush," it was managed with such a degree of skill that no friction resulted, and yesterday morning the hall showed no signs that an exceptionally large gathering had assembled there the evening previous; and what was true of the main hall applied with equal force to other portions of the building in use for the Relief Association ball of 1899, on the success of which we congratulate Chief Harriman and his associates. The following are some of the prominent citizens present whom we noted, and guests for whose names we are indebted to the chief director:—

Messrs. Farmer, Crosby and Doe of the Board of Selectmen, Town Clerk B. Delmont Locke and Assistant Roland A. Swan, Geo. W. V. Sears, Matthew Rowe, electrician E. W. LeBaron, Charles T. Bunker, Henry A. Elder and son Herbert of the Herald, C. E. Stevens, and other well-known citizens of Arlington; ex-alderman Pease, Capt. M. J. Conroy, and others Ralph Rice, William J. Brown, Oliver Briggs, of Cambridge; Lieut. Forest Hall of Brighton, Sergt. Carter of Somerville, Chief Daniel Conroy and other J. J. Dancy of Woburn, others Chas.

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of Boston, and officers Welsh, Kane and O'Neill of Woburn, Scully of Stoneham, McKinnis and Hanna of Charlestown.

Marie Jansen, whose first real success in comic opera was won when she sang, "Oh, Mamma," will be a leading attraction at Kelt's Boston theatre for the week of Jan. 23. Just how much damage to the hearts of her numerous admirers she did with this simple ballad, it would be difficult to say. In her native city of Boston, Miss Jansen has always been a favorite, ever since she made her debut, and hundreds of her admirers will want to hear the comely artist once more in selections from these operas. Miss Jansen is as shapely and sings just as fetchingly as of yore. Other attractions are: Bert Coots and company, in "The Dead Shot"; Elison and Errol, Ell and Harvey, and Murray and Alden, in comedy sketches; Mr. and Mrs. Tobin, high class instrumentalists; Augustus F. Howell humorist and mimic; the Gleees, vocalists and instrumentalists; Willard Sims, impersonator, and George H. Diamond, descriptive vocalist.

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Division 1, A. O. H., of Boston, of which John A. Ryan, Esq., is the honored president, will hold a monster patriotic demonstration in the Grand Opera House, Boston, Sunday evening, Jan. 29. The leading feature of this entertainment will be the Rev. John F. Commings, of Roslindale, state chaplain of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, who will deliver his now celebrated lecture on "Camp Life at Montauk." Altogether the occasion will be one of more than usual interest and as the proceeds are for the benevolent fund of Division 1, it is certain that one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the Grand Opera House will be present.

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### EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

Miss Emma Parker is back to her school work.

Mrs. Lyman Estabrook has returned from New Ipswich, N. H.

Mr. Snell and family have moved from one of the houses on the Stone estate.

Mrs. Willard G. Cooke was called to Amherst on account of the sickness of her parents.

The card party will come off this Friday evening, but if very stormy it will be postponed.

There was the goodly number of seventy present at the supper of the Baptist sociable last week.

Like every dog which has his day we are happy to say chicken pox has about taken its departure.

Mr. Charles Wilson, brother of Miss Daisy Wilson, from Panama, is the guest at Mr. Albert G. Smith's.

Some of our people are asking where the minstrel show is. They heard the rumor of its coming weeks since.

The Baptists held their usual meeting on Sunday at Emerson Hall and their prayer meeting Thursday evening.

We are glad to see Selectman Spaulding out again, though he shows that the gripe took pretty good hold of him.

Many from here enjoyed the dancing party Wednesday evening by the Firemen's Relief Fund Association at the Town Hall in Lexington.

The state road, on Saturday and Sunday, was a smooth skating park, and the great meadows were improved last week by the busy skaters.

Monday night Mr. James F. Burke entertained some of his friends to a Welsh rarebit supper, and all who had the pleasure pronounced it fine.

Mr. Edward Wheaton has graduated from Burdett College and Mr. George Wheaton is still at the Hortological school at Waltham, boarding there and coming home to spend his Sundays.

The first of this week every one had to take heed to their ways lest they fall. Our streets and sidewalks were like a glass, and the only wonder is that more serious accidents did not occur here and elsewhere.

There was a fire on Lowell street Saturday afternoon and our firemen responded to the alarm. A slaughter house owned by Mr. Young, on the Dodge estate, was destroyed. The origin of the fire is unknown.

There will be another dance at Village Hall under the auspices of the young people, Thursday evening of next week. Dunbar's orchestra will furnish good music and it is hoped there will be a good attendance.

Rev. Mr. Cochrane preached last Sunday morning from Luke 10:41. "And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art troubled about many things." He described the scene at Bethany and said we all have our Bethanys.

Rev. Geo. W. Cooke and family, of Dublin, N. H., we are happy to say, will occupy Miss Nellie Underwood's house during the winter. It will be very pleasant to have them back here, even temporarily. Rev. Mr. Cooke will still preach on Sundays at Dublin.

The installation of officers of the Relief Corps was well attended by members from our village and they had a delightful evening. Mrs. James Fritelle has proved herself an efficient president, much interested in all that pertains to the well being of the organization.

What a perfect day, overhead at least, for the middle of January, was Tuesday of this week. Some could not refrain from cleaning up their yards as if winter was departing, but we shall have many a cold wind and snow storm to buffet before we settle down to genuine spring weather.

Our Magazine Club is organized again with twelve members and the following magazines, viz.: Atlantic, New England, McClure's, Century, Harper's, St. Nicholas, Review of Reviews, Forum, Scribner's Bookman, Nursery and Home Journal. A goodly array of talent, with plenty of information on current topics.

We received this week a pamphlet containing Hon. Chas. Francis Adams' speech before the Lexington Historical Society and there is a copy sent to our library. It is well worth the careful perusal of our people, and while much more has been written and spoken

### ARLINGTON HEIGHTS LOCALS.

Messrs. Kendall, Ring, Schuetzer and White gave their second private assembly at Crescent Hall, on the 13th inst., which was attended by all the pleasant features of the first party, plus some others which made it a marked social event in the annals of our community of "Hillites." The young men were indebted in no small measure to those of their lady friends who dressed the dance hall in festive array, for it was the means of enhancing the appearance beyond its usual attractiveness. Streamers in light tints were suspended over the heads of the dancers intermingled with festoons of evergreen. The electric lights were shaded and decorated at the same time so as to have the appearance of illuminated flowers. One of the ante-rooms displayed the climax of the talent of the decorators and was converted into a retiring room which was given a unique oriental effect by divans and hangings, all of which was lit by the subdued red light from hanging lanterns and shaded lamps. Here frappé was served throughout the evening, and here also there was something going on much of the time in the nature of flirting among congenial tete-a-tetes. It was all very pretty, not excepting the latter. Bendix's (Arlington) orchestra played most acceptably for the dancing. The patronesses were: Mrs. H. H. Kendall, in black satin, with waist of velvet and embroidered chiffon over blue; Mrs. Geo. R. Dwyer in black satin with plastron of white satin and sleeves of net; Miss Seabury in a handsome corded silk of a mode shade with waist over a white satin yoke heavily embroidered. There were a full number of chaperons to witness the dancing, while the young people were as gay as butterflies in their movements, the butterfly effect enhanced by the evening dresses of the ladies. Muslins and organdies prevailed; a blue landsdown with a touch of cerise velvet was becoming and stylish; a muslin with heavy alternate rows of piping was effective, as was also one trimmed with narrow black lace. Among those present were:—

Miss Ring, Misses Mable Trask, Annie Wright, Edna White, Dora Parsons, Mabelle Perry, Ethel Tewkesbury, the Misses Dwyer, the Misses Kendall, Miss Eaton, the Misses Piper, Miss Spear, Mr. and Mrs. Minot Lawrence, Dr. Ring, Arthur Bridgman, Earl Beddoes, and course the managers, all of the Heights. From the centre here Miss Laura Fessenden, Robert H. Beggs, A. Dwight, W. Prescott, Vernon Steele, H. Maxwell Brooks, W. D. Elwell, Harold Rice, Miss Ethel A. Butterfield, Miss Puffer, Miss Hohenbach, and Henry C. Learned; Harvard was represented by Edward Leitchworth, Messrs. Earl Webster, Elias Thompson; Mr. Cushman and Miss Polly Ingalls, of Tufts; Messrs. Kirkpatrick, Fulser and Choate, of Boston; Mr. Hill, of Stoneham, the Misses Ramseyer, of Hyde Park, Miss Mattle Hunt, and Miss Kelly, of Cambridge, Miss May Soule, of Roxbury, Misses Amy Hadley, Mary Sleeper and Mr. Walker, of Somerville; Ethel Ratey, of Auburndale, Mr. Pettigill, Mr. Carney, of Portland, Mr. Aroo Betols and Mr. Edw. F. Zerega, of Boston.

—The Sunshine Club holds its usual meeting with Mrs. W. O. Partridge this afternoon, Jan. 20.

—Mr. Alfred Patterson's youngest son Philip is severely ill of typhoid fever, with which he was stricken last week.

—Will those who kindly contribute items to this column send them to the Arlington publication office as early as possible.

—We have an interesting article pertaining to an important project which the Sunshine Club are contemplating, which we shall publish next week.

—Services by the Arlington Heights Baptist church, next Sunday, at Crescent Hall. Preaching at 3 o'clock, evening at 7.30, by Rev. Mr. Vinal. Sunday school at 12.15, p. m.

—Tuesday afternoon the pleasant home of Mrs. H. T. Elder, on Westminster avenue, was the meeting place of the Ladies' Aid of the Park avenue church.

—We, with many other friends, regret that Mrs. Theodore D. Dupee's severe illness still prolongs her recovery. An attendance of the nurse is still required and Mrs. Dupee is still unable to receive friends.

—The Highland Duplicate Whist Club met with Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman last Wednesday evening, and prizes were awarded to the highest scorers. An appetizing supper was served by the hostess of chicken salad, cake and fancy creams.

—One of the recent discoveries in medical science for the cure of lung diseases is being used in treating the case of Mr. Leon Bixby, and friends speak encouragingly of his condition, which shows a marked improvement over that of several weeks ago.

—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Foster have been holding their wedding receptions on Wednesday evenings this month and they have been pleasant occasions. The concluding reception occurs on Wednesday next at their home at 156 Mt. Auburn street, Cambridge.

—The first regular meeting of the organization known as the Hillside Literary Union was held on Wednesday evening, Jan. 18. After the constitution was adopted and a few other matters of business settled, those present were privileged to listen to an essay by Mr. Arthur Perkins, entitled "The Clubbable Fellow." The next meeting will be Feb. 1st. All young people interested are earnestly invited to attend.

—The usual services will be held in Park Avenue church next Sunday morning at 10.45, and in the evening at 7.15, with sermon by the pastor at each service. At 12.10, Sabbath school and pastor's Bible class; at 3 p. m., Junior T. E. meeting, under Miss Elder, superintendent; at 6 p. m., C. E. meeting in the lecture room, led by Miss Eliza Bridgman, subject, "A Student's Prayer." Feb. 19: 1.14. A hearty welcome for all.

—The Arlington Heights Baptist church will give an entertainment on Wednesday evening, Jan. 23, at Crescent Hall. Doors open at 7.30, entertainment at 8 o'clock. Prominent among the features

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ures will be pleasing instrumental music, fine singing and interesting readings. Indications point to a highly enjoyable occasion. Admission 25 cents. Children under 15 years, 15 cents. Tickets for sale by members of the society and at the door.

—The Tip-top Whist Club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Gorham, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 17. The prizes were won by Mr. Brockway and Mrs. Gorham. After the game a delicious lunch was served and a pleasant hour spent in social intercourse. An experience related by one of the ladies, was very unique, but want of space, etc.

—Monday evening there was a meeting of the proprietors of Park Avenue church as announced by warrant and otherwise. Mr. Geo. W. Perkins was chosen moderator and Minot Bridgman acted as the clerk. The recommendation by the parish committee to convert the present organization into a Congregational church was presented and considered at some length. The subject was discussed in a general way, but no decision was reached, it being thought wise to take the matter under advisement for future action, so it will lie on the table till the adjourned meeting of Monday evening next, Jan. 23, where it will be the first item of business to receive attention.

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 22.

Text of the Lesson, John III, 1-19. Memory Verses, 14-16—Golden Text, John III, 16—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1898, by D. M. Stearns.]

1. "Now there was a man" (R. V.). In verses 11, 22, 23, of chapter 2, we read that the disciples believed and many believed, but then we read that Jesus did not commit Himself unto (believe in) men, for He knew what was in man. Then we have Him dealing with this man, a ruler of the Jews, and revealing Nicodemus to himself, that he might know God, for this is greater than riches or wisdom or might (Jer. ix, 23, 24).

2. Nicodemus knew that Jesus was at least sent of God and that God was with him, and his soul was hungering for more of God, and he felt that Jesus had power to help him, yet, being a ruler and Jesus being evidently a very humble person, not having been taught in any of the schools, nor having, like Saul, been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel or any great teacher of the day, he seems to think it wise not to come at first to Him too publicly.

3. Jesus passes by the seeming compliment and, recognizing the longing in the heart of Nicodemus, tells him briefly the only way to see the kingdom for which he longs. To be born of God (1-13) or from above (margin) is the only way. No human wisdom nor royal lineage nor position among men can entitle any one to see or enter the kingdom of God. It must be a work of God in the heart—nothing less than the receiving of the Son of God (chapter 1, 12).

4. Nicodemus, though very religious and a ruler of the Jews, was only a natural man and understood not spiritual things. He could only think of a natural birth.

5. A little more fully Jesus now states it, saying that to be born of God means to be born of water and of the Spirit. By calling up three witnesses—Peter, James and Paul—and by comparing I Pet. i, 23; Jas. i, 18; Eph. v, 26; John vi, 63, we learn that water suggests the Word of God, by which the Spirit always works.

6. The flesh is the natural man, the man not subject to nor controlled by God. He may be intellectual, educated, talented, wealthy, a good citizen, moral, philanthropic and in every way all that could be desired as a loving father, son or brother, yet if only that never see the kingdom of God. He that hath the Son hath life, but he that hath not the Son of God hath not life, whatever else he may have (I John v, 12).

7. "Ye must be born again." There is much teaching nowadays to the effect that there is a spark of the divine nature in every one and that it only needs to be developed, but such is not the teaching of the Word of God, which says that the carnal or natural mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be (Rom. viii, 7).

8. We cannot tell where it blows upon us, but we cannot tell whence it came nor whither its destination. Thus the Spirit moves and works. In the darkness of Gen. i, 2, the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and God spoke, and there was light. So God, by His Word and Spirit, shines in hearts and gives the knowledge of Himself, causing life and fruitfulness where all before was waste and void (II Cor. iv, 6, 7).

9. "How can these things be?" The blind was groping for the light and but very dimly perceiving. These spiritual things, so simple to the Spirit taught, were too much for the natural man, even though he be a ruler. I have wondered if one reason why the wisdom of this world dislikes the book of Daniel and would fain have done with it is that there, as perhaps nowhere else, is shown the utter impotence of such wisdom to deal with the things of God.

10. A master of Israel should know something of these things, for in Ezek. xxxiv, 26, 27, it was written: "A new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you. I will put My Spirit within you and cause you to walk in My statutes." Gabriel was sent from heaven to cause Daniel to know, but here is a greater than Gabriel, and yet Nicodemus does not understand.

11. This is the third verily, verily of our lesson. Only in this gospel do we find the double verily or amen or in truth, and He who uses it is Himself the Truth. He knew all things and all men, even their utmost imaginings. He said through Jeremiah: "I, the Lord, search the heart; I try the reins" (Jer. xvii, 10).

12. There are celestial and terrestrial things as well as bodies, but the glory of the one differs greatly from that of the other (I Cor. xv, 40). The kingdom, although not of this world, is to be set up upon this earth and will include the whole world (John xviii, 36; Dan. vii, 27; Hab. ii, 14), but there is a New Jerusalem to come down out of heaven from God, in the light of which the nations of the earth are to walk.

13. What wondrous sayings are here! While He was on earth He was in heaven; He came down from heaven, and does He say that as man He had ascended up to heaven? If so, we must believe it. But what about John xii, 17, "I am not yet ascended to my Father?" That was in His resurrection body.

14. Our Lord Jesus never made light of or in any way discounted any record in the Scriptures, but spoke of them as realities. Here He refers to the incident of Num. xxi, 6-9, where the people, dying from the bite of fiery serpents, were to look upon a brazen serpent which Moses, at God's command, lifted up upon a pole high enough for all to see, and when any dying one beheld the serpent of brass he lived.

15. The Israelites bitten were as good as dead unless they looked. They were utterly helpless. Nicodemus was as helpless to save himself as a bitten Israelite; so are we. When a bitten and dying one looked where he was told, he saw the resemblance of that which was causing his suffering and probable death, but it was fastened to a pole and thus in the place of death to life.

16. In Jesus Christ on the cross for our sins we see the love of God as it never was seen elsewhere. We see the fulfillment of Gen. iii, 15, "Thy seed shall bruise the serpent's head." We are not asked to understand it nor to grasp its full significance, for that would be impossible, but, like the bitten Israelites, we are asked to behold Him and believe He is for us. Then we are assured that through Him we have life and can never perish. All who are bitten and look at Him and believe in Him and turn to Him and receive His blood and life, and thus escape the deadly bite of the serpent, the curse of the law, and the wrath of God.



## WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Up in the attic where I slept  
When I was a boy, a little boy,  
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,  
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept  
Over a low, red trundle bed.  
Bathing the tangled curly head,  
While the moonbeams played at hide and seek  
With the dimples on the sun-browned cheek—  
When I was a boy, a little boy!

And, oh, the dreams—the dreams I dreamed  
When I was a boy, a little boy!  
For the grace that through the lattice streamed  
Over my folded eyelids seemed  
To have the gift of prophecy  
And to bring the glimpses of time to be  
When manhood's clarion seemed to call—  
Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all  
When I was a boy, a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep  
When I was a boy, a little boy!  
For in at the lattice the moon would peep  
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep  
The crosses and griefs of the years away  
From the heart that is weary and faint today  
And those dreams should give me back again  
A peace I have never known since then—  
When I was a boy, a little boy!

—Eugene Field.

## THE GRAVE'S ODOR.

We were lolling in a couple of easy chairs on the veranda one evening after dinner. Stanfield and I, when my friend sent the glowing stump of his cheroot pirouetting down the steps, and, turning in his chair, said abruptly:

"Do you know, Dick, a man was shot once just where you're sitting?"

Naturally I was startled, and, instead of replying to Stanfield's remark, glanced uneasily down the long, ghostly veranda, of which the outer edge lay in bright moonlight, while the inner portion was wrapped in the dense shadow of the partly drawn bamboo jalousies.

"I know the feeling," said Stanfield, noting my uneasiness. "I never sit here of an evening without getting a creepy sensation all over me. The servants say the old bungalow is haunted, and I shouldn't wonder if they are right. Anyway, if it isn't, it ought to be, for the story connected with it is an uncanny one altogether. See that hole in the jalousies there on your right?"

"Do you mean that oblong slit just above the balustrade? 'Pon my word, against the moonlight, it looks for all the world like a malignant eye!"

"So it is," said Stanfield, with a slight shiver. "It was through that hole John Robertson, my predecessor, was shot."

"Ah, I've heard there was a strange story connected with his death, but I know none of the particulars. Suppose you light another weed and talk me out of this creepy fit."

"Talk you into a worse one, more like," retorted Stanfield, striking a fuse. "I'll wager you never heard a weirder story. But you shall have the facts and then judge for yourself."

With that he settled himself in his chair, and after puffing reflectively at his cheroot for some seconds went on to tell me the story of the shot through the jalousies:

"Robertson, you must know, was an Eston boy, like myself. We were chums, in fact, in the old days, and that is how I came to know of a peculiar tradition, if I may so name it, that is said to have been in his family for centuries.

"I don't know whether you believe in death warnings, Dick, but it seems that for hundreds of years no Robertson has ever died without first having a distinct premonition of his approaching end, and, what is more remarkable still, the warning always comes in the form of an odor, an earthy smell—the smell of a new dug grave.

"Well, about a week before his death, when he was on his way to take up his appointment here, in fact, Robertson passed through Malabar, where I was at that time stationed as collector, and of course I put him up for the night. After dinner we were sitting smoking, just as you and I are now, when presently he says:

"'Stanfield,' says he, 'there's a devilish queer smell about. Been having any digging done on the premises?'"

"No," said I, "I haven't, and for the life of me I can't smell anything except these Dindigul we're smoking."

"Perhaps that's what it is, then," said he doubtfully, and for half an hour or so the subject was dropped.

"Just as we were making a move for bed, however, he suddenly grips my hand, and, 'Stanfield,' says he hoarsely, 'for God's sake tell me that your people have been digging somewhere near or that there's been a shower. I can't get that earthy smell out of my nostrils. It's like standing over a new made grave.'

"Just a week later, to a day, I was at work in my office one morning when a peon brought in a telegram. Dick, that telegram brought the news that Robertson had been shot dead by his own butler at 8 o'clock the evening before!"

"By his own butler!" I exclaimed horrified; for while Stanfield was relating this tragic tale I had heard the voice of his butler giving orders to the table boys in the dining room at our back.

"Yes, by his own butler," resumed Stanfield, "and on the very spot where you sit. Indeed," consulting his watch, "it happened just at this time, for it's now 8 o'clock to the minute."

"But," I cried, glancing apprehensively at the eyeline aperture in the jalousies, "why by his butler? For heaven's sake, explain!"

"I will," continued Stanfield, "but first I must dark back a bit and tell you that the telegram ordered me to proceed at once to this station as Robertson's successor. Well, I did so, and almost my first duty as a judge was to try the poor fellow's murderer."

"The butler?"

"The butler, and that brings me to the explanation you asked for a moment ago. Robertson, it appears, had had a case before him in which a native was charged with murdering his wife, a mere child barely 12 years of age, such a brutal murder as to cause a

being uncommon, as you know, and Robertson—well, he did what almost any other English judge would have done under the circumstances—gave the scamp his deserts and sentenced him to death.

"Now this occurred only a few hours before he was murdered, and you will at once suspect some hidden connection between the two events. And you are right. In passing sentence of death upon the brutal native he virtually passed sentence upon himself.

"Robertson had in his service at the time, among other servants, a butler who was related to the man he had just condemned. Whether he was aware of the exact relationship existing between the two I don't know, but I am inclined to think not. As a matter of fact, when Robertson sat down to dinner that night, after sentencing the native to death, he was waited upon by the convict's own brother.

"You observed a rifle on the dining room wall, I have no doubt, just opposite your place at table. It was from that rifle the fatal shot was fired.

"Not while Robertson was at dinner, though. The butler was too wily for that. He bided his time until his master had seated himself in his usual place here on the veranda, taken his coffee and smoked his cheroot. Then, when these had begun to make him drowsy, the fellow took the rifle from the wall—it was always kept loaded—and crept through the bedrooms to the far end of the veranda, where, as you see, the shadow lies so deep.

"Sitting as we are now, you observe that the steps between the far end of the veranda and the jalousies with the hole in it are concealed by the row of pillars, and you will readily understand how a barefooted native might creep along those steps under cover of the pillars and apply his eye to the hole without being either seen or heard. Well, that is just what the butler did. Only he did something more.

"After applying his eye to the hole he noiselessly inserted the muzzle of the rifle in the aperture, took deliberate aim at his master's heart and fired. Poor Robertson! He never knew what hurt him."

Stanfield ceased speaking, and a painful silence fell upon us both. The movement of a lizard in the jalousies through which the shot had been fired sent a thrill of horror through my nerves. I fancied I could hear the butler's stealthy footsteps and see the gleam of the rifle barrel in the moonlight. So awfully real was my conception of the whole scene that at last, in sheer desperation, I spoke and so broke the spell.

"Hadn't Robertson a wife? I have an idea that I once met her in Madras."

"He had, and speaking of her reminds me that my story is still unfinished. In fact, the most remarkable part of it is yet to come.

"About a year before her husband's death Mrs. Robertson, it seems, went home to England for her health, and when I last saw Robertson alive—the night he had the strange premonition, you remember—he was daily expecting her back. Well, it is a singular coincidence, but perfectly true, that the steamer she was a passenger by entered Bombay harbor on the very evening and at the very hour when Robertson was shot.

"Mrs. Robertson had gathered all her traps together, intending to disembark that night, and as soon as she heard the anchor dropped she left the cabin to go on deck. In her hand she carried a small traveling clock, and just as she reached the foot of the companion stairs she glanced at it and saw that the hour was exactly 8 o'clock. At the same moment an indescribable terror seized her. She looked up quickly, and there on the steps above her stood her husband.

"She sprang up the steps to meet him, but he suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. At the top of the steps she ran against the purser.

"'There's no hurry, madam,' said he, 'the tender's not alongside yet.'"

"But my husband!" cried Mrs. R. "I saw him here just now. How did he come aboard?"

"Madam, replied the purser, 'you must be mistaken. Not a living soul has boarded the ship tonight.'"

"And he was right, for if Mrs. R. saw anything, as she declares she did, it must have been the spirit of her dying husband."

"Let us go in," said I, rising hastily. "This night air has given me a chill."

—New York Journal.

### The White Man in the Tropics.

The attempt to acclimatize the white man in the tropics must be recognized to be a blunder of the first magnitude. All experiments based upon the idea are mere idle and empty enterprises foredoomed to failure. Excepting only the deportation of the African races under the situation of slavery, probably no other idea which has held the mind of our civilization during the last 800 years has led to so much physical and moral suffering and degradation or has strewn the world with the wrecks of so many gigantic enterprises. In the tropics a white man lives and works only as a diver lives and works under water. Alike in a moral, in an ethical and in a political sense, the atmosphere he breathes must be that of another region, that which produced him, and to which he belongs. Neither physically, morally, nor politically can he be acclimatized in the tropics. —Benjamin B. Kidd.

### Dedicated by Christina.

"In the suburbs of Seville, Mo., says the Kansas City Times, 'there lives a scholarly gentleman who was awarded the Order of Christina by the Queen of Spain for his zealous care of her two grandsons, Raymondo Gual y Berbon and Fernando Alfonso, who afterwards became the King of Spain, and was the father of little Alfonso, the present King. This gentleman is Colonel Van B. Wilson, whom nearly all Spaniards

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## RIPANS Tabules

"I want to say that for eight months I have taken three a day, and have not been to see a doctor once since I commenced to take them. Before I would have to have a big tube put down my throat and have my stomach flushed (I believe that is what the call it) three times every week by a doctor that charged me 50 cents for every time. Of course, that gave me relief, but the trouble always came back again, and I can tell you it was no fun to be pumped out about every two days. The doctor said I had a rash of the stomach. Whatever it was, it didn't bother me now. For four years I was troubled, so that I was to lose about three days out of every month." When this barber observed that a customer has a French breath, he occasionally prescribes

## BABY'S PHOTOGRAPH.

An Example of What the Man of the Camera Endures.

A young photographer, when asked what sort of subjects presented the greatest difficulties to him, replied without a moment's hesitation, "Babies."

"For instance," he continued, "I took photographs of a little 10-month-old fellow the other day in six different positions. Yesterday I sent proofs to his mother, and today she brought them in."

"'I'm sorry,' she said, without any obvious grief, 'but none of these negatives will do.'"

"'Not one of the six?' I inquired, though I was prepared for what was to follow."

"'No,' she said, 'I'm afraid not. You see, I like this one very well, though, of course, it doesn't do baby justice, but his Aunt Ellen says it's an absolute caricature of the dear little fellow. The one she likes I don't care for at all, and his papa says he should never know for whom it was intended, it looks so cross, and baby is such a sunny child.'"

"The one he likes, this smiling one, I shouldn't consider for a moment, for it makes baby's mouth look so much larger than it really is."

"His grandmother chose that one, but as Cousin Fanny said, there's a very queer look to the child's eyes in it—very queer! However, she likes that one where he's almost crying, that sober one. You ought to have heard baby's grandfather when she said she liked it."

"He really decided the thing, for what he said seemed so sensible. He asked me why I didn't have some more taken and see if there wouldn't be at least one that would really look like baby. Now, when can he sit again? It's hard for me to spare the time, but you see it is the only thing to be done!"

—Glasgow Herald.

## STROKES OF A RAZOR.

How Many Do You Suppose It Takes to Shave a Man?

"Now that you've finished shaving me, how many strokes of the razor did it require?" asked the man in the chair, as he straightened up to have his hair combed.

"That's pretty hard to tell," said the barber.

"Of course it is. But you've been in the business how long?"

"Fifteen years."

"You ought to know by this time about how many strokes of the razor it requires to shave a man, supposing that you go over his face a second time."

"I might make a guess at it."

"All right. What's your guess? Remember that I have a hard beard."

"Well, I should say about 125."

"You're a good guesser. I don't think. Some time ago I got into the habit of counting the strokes of a razor every time I was being shaved. It's a good way to employ your mind. In shaving me you just made 733 strokes with the razor."

"I wouldn't have believed it."

"No man believes it until he takes the trouble to count. In my case I never knew the number to fall below 500, and it has gone more than 800 at times. I call it a stroke every time the razor is brought forward and then drawn back. I should judge that there are no fewer than 500 strokes in a first class shave. You remember that, and probably you can win a few bets."—New York World.

### Bank Impertinence.

The Philadelphia Record tells of an old Pennsylvania farmer who recently came into possession of a check for \$200. It caused him a great deal of anxiety, and for a long time he could not muster up the courage to have it cashed. Finally, while on a trip to town, he summoned up nerve enough and, strolling into the bank, presented the check. The teller glanced at it hastily, and then, after the fashion of his kind, brusquely asked, "What denomination?"

"Lutheran, got turn it! But what's that got to do with it?" as brusquely replied the old farmer, to the great astonishment of the bank official.

It required several minutes' explanation before the teller could get the old man to understand his question, and then the latter took his money and departed, with sundry growls derogatory to banks in general.

### Equal to the Occasion.

In 1840 a great convention was held in Baltimore by the young men of what was then known as the Whig party for the purpose of ratifying the nomination of General William Henry Harrison for the presidency. There was no hall in the city large enough to hold the crowd of delegates who attended. The convention accordingly met on the Canton race track, and when the great Whig orator of this state, who was chairman of the Young Men's national committee, arose to call the meeting to order he was so impressed by the vastness of the assemblage before him that instead of the usual formula he exclaimed, "The nation will please come to order!"—Baltimore Sun.

### An Insult.

A Caribou (Me.) man lately wandered into a remote hotel that doesn't keep a dictionary, and on coming down in the morning was asked by the landlord how he rested.

"Oh," replied the gentleman, "I suffered nearly all night with insomnia!"

The landlord took offense at this and roared, "I'll bet you \$3 there ain't one in my house!"—Exchange.

### Warning in a Washcloth.

Human life is like a game at dice where we ought not to throw for what is most commendable to us, but to be content with what is most probable.

## THE SPORTING WORLD.

Knee bangers, or horses that strike the knee of one leg with the inside edge of the hoof of the opposite member in passing, have caused no end of anxious hours for trainers, and many a trotter of phenomenal speed is now doing service on a butcher's cart or a family carriage, solely on account of having this defect of action in an aggravated form. Among all the imperfections of trotting action knee banging is the most difficult to overcome. Nearly every knee hitter turns his toes outward when standing still, and a large percentage of



ILLINOIS KNEE SPREADER.

all "soldier footed" horses that stand in this way are knee hitters. Pig-toed trotters, on the other hand, rarely touch their knees. Trainers say that any horse is likely to strike himself at this sensitive point in going round a sharp turn at speed, particularly when tired. Expert farriers are frequently able to shape the hoof and shoe the horse so that the foot will be swung outward when it is uplifted, thus avoiding contact with the opposite knee, but when farriery fails to effect a remedy the spreaders sometimes come into play. These are of many patterns. The style most commonly in use, known as the Illinois spreader, is a light steel spring having one coil near the shaft to give it power, and running from there down to a padded strap encircling the leg of the horse above the knee. The force exerted by this spreader is directly outward, pulling the legs apart when the horse is in action. Another contrivance known as the Mosul spreader was used last year by Dick Wilson to prevent the well known trotter Mosul, 3:09 1/4, from hitting his knees.

### Golf Etiquette.

No player, caddie or onlooker should move or talk during a stroke.

No player should play from the tee until the persons in front have played their second strokes and are out of range, nor play to the putting green until the persons in front have holed out and moved away.

The player who leads from the tee should be allowed to play before his opponent tees his ball.

Players who have holed out should not try their puts over again when other players are following them.

Players looking for a lost ball must allow any other match coming up to pass them.

A party playing three or more balls must allow a two ball match to pass them.

A party playing a shorter round must allow a two ball match playing the whole round to pass them.

A player should not put at the hole when the flag is in it.

The reckoning of the strokes is kept by the terms "the odd," "two more," etc., and "one off three," "one off two," "the like." The reckoning of the holes is kept by the terms "so many 'holes up'—or "all even"—and so many "to play."

Turf cut or displaced by a stroke in playing should be at once replaced.

### Cycling in the Wind.

Bucking a head wind is one of the disagreeable features of winter bicycling. The wind blows harder and more frequently at this season of the year than in the other three. But it need not be a formidable obstacle if the cyclist will exercise judgment in riding against it. Even a rider of light weight can make good progress against the wind if he will ride his weight for all it is worth. In such emergencies the scorching position is not only excusable and permissible, it is necessary. The rider should stoop over his handle bars, squaring his back as far as possible, and thus reduce the resistance to the wind by fully 80 per cent. Thus he is enabled to allow the weight of his body to furnish the driving power for the machine, with a minimum exertion of the leg and hip muscles. Contrary to the common belief, there should not be a strong pull on the handle bars. The pressure on the pedals must be steady and the speed moderate. —New York Press.

### Take Care of Your Dog.

The care of a dog after a hard day's hunting is something that no true sportsman ever forgets, although many others do let it slip their memory. A dog becomes just as tired as a man. No one who has ever witnessed the abandon with which a pointer or setter, after a long day in the woods or swamps, flings himself down in front of a fire will doubt that statement. If rain has been falling, and the dog is wet through, the best place for him, if such a thing is handy, is a stable well filled with dry straw. Take your dog there and watch him roll and dry himself. Later when he has rubbed himself fairly dry, a good fire and a good meal are what he needs. Afterward, when you too have eaten and are warming your bones, take a warm blanket and



## OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Provincialism in Gotham—A Popular Dog Doctor—A Lawsuit to Recover 75 Cents.

(Special Correspondence.)

One of the many provincialisms of New York that does not savor of the picturesque is the lack of numbers on the lampposts in the Boulevard above Fifty-ninth street. There is a number to about every six blocks, and this average decreases as you approach the hundreds. Unless familiar with the landmarks, street car passengers are dependent upon the good nature of the conductor not to be carried past their destination. And right here a word for the conductor of the Boulevard car—he still retains the polite and thoughtful manners of the old time conductor, and the conclusion is that the more rural method of conveyance induces this. It is a relief after being battered and hurled about in a trolley car or cable with the constant "Step lively!" in your ears, to go up town in one of the Boulevard cars and to feel that if you are boarding a car you will not be pitched headlong into the lap of some passenger and that you run no risk of losing your limbs in leaving the car. This is not a plea to retain this leisurely method of transportation, for one of the most provincial of all New York's provincialisms is the street car, which after all these years and after all the other cities east and west have long had rapid transit is only now being replaced by cables and trolleys. But, it must be said, the improvement is going rapidly forward.

A Popular Dog Doctor.  
On Lexington avenue there is a low brick building to which all sorts and conditions of men and beasts resort. There are hours when carriages block the street, and a mighty swish and rustle of silken petticoats fill the air, and the neighborhood holds suggestions of well receptions. Then, again, when the carriages have rolled away and the small boys on the corner have no English coachman and footmen to jeer at, forlorn looking figures trail up to the little brick building and disappear through the door, over which one reads "Veterinary Surgeon. Animals of the Poor Treated Free of Charge." The affable young man who is the presiding genius of the place seems to be the most popular dog specialist in New York. The ordinary veterinary surgeon is not above treating a lame horse or a colicky elephant, but this surgeon draws the line at anything larger than a dog. Occasionally he consents to rescue a cat or monkey or fish or canary bird from an untimely grave, but he prefers to work with dogs and is on speaking terms with every pampered canine darling in Greater New York. As for his mongrel, low caste acquaintances, their name is legion.

A Lawsuit For 75 Cents.  
An action which holds the record in the Yorkville municipal court for being the smallest sum of money sued for, came up for trial before Justice John B. McKean. The justice picked up a bunch of papers and called off the cases on the calendar. "Jesck against Spavalha," he called. A man and five women stood up. "I'm ready," the man said. "Where is the plaintiff?" the justice inquired, looking about the court. There was no answer, and the justice again looked at the summons. "What's this? An action for 75 cents?" he exclaimed. "Well, that beats all the queer things I've seen in court. I won't dismiss this yet," went on Justice McKean. "I'll wait awhile to see if the plaintiff will appear. I want to see what kind of a man it is that will bring a lawsuit for 75 cents." But the plaintiff didn't appear, and the case was dismissed. The defendant said he had borrowed an overcoat from the plaintiff to go to a funeral, and the man wanted to charge him 75 cents for its use.

New Gardens.  
The breaking of ground for the Horticultural hall, in the new Botanical gardens, which have been established in Bronx park, was an event of no common interest. New York, which is rich in other possessions, has been poor in things of this kind. It is only within a very few years that she has grown great in art; that she has developed a university on really broad lines, and that she has laid the foundations for one of the most notable libraries of the world. And now she is establishing two gardens in the parks of the Bronx borough, one devoted to botany and the other to zoology. In the former a group of city officials and scientific men gathered the other day to witness the ceremony of breaking the ground for the first large building devoted to horticulture. The building will be 512 feet long and 60 feet wide, with a dome 90 feet high. New collections of Porto Rico flora are to be among the riches of this building.

Mr. Winstone in Wall Street.  
Naturally many stories are told in Wall street during these stirring times of enormous gains made in stock speculation. By the dangerous process called "pyramiding" it is possible in a long continued bull market to make an immense sum on a small capital. One such case has come to notice. A small operator, it is stated, bought 100 shares of a certain stock, putting up \$2,500 as margin. He has increased his purchases with every advance of the price of the stock, and now, on his original investment of \$2,500, is alleged to have achieved a paper profit of \$400,000. He is still holding on. As is always the case, he wants more.

Lights For Vehicles.  
The police are vigorously enforcing the ordinance requiring all vehicles to carry lights at night. In order to escape arrest for having no lighted lamp on his truck, a driver on Grand street near the Bowery had a boy on his truck burning newspapers and holding them up as torches. The policeman whom he passed accepted the substitute graciously.



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**LEAVE Boston FOR Reformatory Station,** at 6.35, 8.17, 10.17, a. m.; 1.47, 4.47, 6.17, 7.17, p. m.; Sundays, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. Return at 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.30, a. m.; 12.25, 4.15, 6.00 p. m. Sunday 8.45, a. m.; 4.00, p. m.

**LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass.,** at 6.35, 8.17, 10.17, a. m.; 1.47, 4.47, 6.17, 7.17, p. m.; Sundays, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. Return at 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.30, a. m.; 12.25, 4.15, 6.00 p. m. Sunday 8.45, a. m.; 4.00, p. m.

**LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford** at 6.35, 8.17, 10.17, a. m.; 1.47, 4.47, 6.17, 7.17, p. m.; Sundays, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. Return at 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.30, a. m.; 12.25, 4.15, 6.00 p. m. Sunday 8.45, a. m.; 4.00, p. m.

**LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington** at 6.35, 8.17, 10.17, 12.17, 1.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 4.47, 6.17, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.50, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, 8.45, p. m. Return at 6.30, 6.00, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.36, 8.53, 10.07, 11.14, a. m.; 12.35, 1.01, 2.40, 3.54, 4.23, 4.46, 5.19, 6.48, 8.18, 9.18, 10.18, p. m.; Sunday, 9.34, a. m.; 12.58, 9.23, 11.11, 4.55, 6.15, 8.25, p. m.

**LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington Heights** at 6.35, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 4.47, 6.17, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.50, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, 8.45, p. m. Return at 6.30, 6.00, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.36, 8.53, 10.07, 11.14, a. m.; 12.35, 1.01, 2.40, 3.54, 4.23, 4.46, 5.19, 6.48, 8.18, 9.18, 10.18, p. m.; Sunday, 9.34, a. m.; 12.58, 9.23, 11.11, 4.55, 6.15, 8.25, p. m.

**LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington Heights** at 6.35, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 4.47, 6.17, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.50, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, 8.45, p. m. Return at 6.30, 6.00, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.36, 8.53, 10.07, 11.14, a. m.; 12.35, 1.01, 2.40, 3.54, 4.23, 4.46, 5.19, 6.48, 8.18, 9.18, 10.18, p. m.; Sunday, 9.34, a. m.; 12.58, 9.23, 11.11, 4.55, 6.15, 8.25, p. m.

**LEAVE Boston FOR Lowell** at 6.35, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 4.47, 6.17, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.50, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, 8.45, p. m. Return at 6.30, 6.00, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.36, 8.53, 10.07, 11.14, a. m.; 12.35, 1.01, 2.40, 3.54, 4.23, 4.46, 5.19, 6.48, 8.18, 9.18, 10.18, p. m.; Sunday, 9.34, a. m.; 12.58, 9.23, 11.11, 4.55, 6.15, 8.25, p. m.

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**LEAVE Lowell FOR Lexington** at 6.35, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 4.47, 6.17, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.50, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, 8.45, p. m. Return at 6.30, 6.00, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.36, 8.53, 10.07, 11.14, a. m.; 12.35, 1.01, 2.40, 3.54, 4.23, 4.46, 5.19, 6.48, 8.18, 9.18, 10.18, p. m.; Sunday, 9.34, a. m.; 12.58, 9.23, 11.11, 4.55, 6.15, 8.25, p. m.

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